THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Mr. Easy,

IF you should esteem the following desultory reflections on friendship worthy a place in your useful and interesting Companion, the author will feel himself honored.

The pleasure derived from the social intercourse with those we love and esteem, tends greatly to meliorate the asperities and unavoidable evils of life. The world without a friend, is indeed a barren wilderness, and none would wish to live in it, who had no one to sympathize with him in his joys or infelicities.

The happiest moments of my life have been those in which I saw my friends happy and contented: no cares to disturb the tranquility of their minds, no desires which could not be legitimately gratified; when heaven itself seemed to have infused that serenity of mind and equability of disposition which constitutes the basis of happiness, and which is ever a proof of conscious virtue and unsullied innocence. Such felicity painted to my warm fancy that poetical beatitude which the human race is said once to have enjoyed, when the earth spontaneously yielded into our lap the nourishment of her bosom, and the air and waters paid their voluntary tribute to the Lord of the creation; when our pleasures were mutual, and mankind had but one wish, viz. the happiness of each other: Such were my thoughts when surrounded by my friends, whose souls dilated at the contemplation of each other's happiness, and whose eyes beamed the very essence of friendship and love. "Happiness (remarks Johnson) is not found in self contemplation. It is perceived only when reflected from another." The luxuries of life, the pleasures of contemplation, the sweets of solitude, or the gaiety of splendid or fashionable life has no charms for him who is destitute of friends. The world exhibits but one dreary waste; the mind becomes inane and listless, and death itself is at last welcomed as a friend.

How glaringly important is it therefore, for us so to demean ourselves as to conciliate the esteem and love of such as from their virtues, acquirements and temporal situation, will have the inclination and power of guiding us in prosperity, and in the hour of trouble and affliction to extend their fostering hand for our conservation, and sympathize with us in every blast of fortune.

Cicero, who was the truest of friends, and whose moral precepts reflect so much honour on himself and his age, besides exhorting us to endeavour to gain the esteem and love of all, says, that it is at least the positive duty of every one, whether favoured with the sunshine of fortune, or labouring under the shafts of adversity, to conciliate to himself some particular friend, who has a real esteem for us, and whose sincerity cannot be doubted. In him we will find the useful companion, the steady guide, and the bosom ever open to hear the tale of sorrow, and ready to administer the assuasive cup of consolation. The affection of all mankind, as Seneca remarks, cannot be secured. To have no enemies, observes this able moralist, is certainly the consummation of our most aspiring hopes. The great discrepance of opinion, the collision of interests, and the universal contrariety of disposition to be found in the world, renders it a physical impossibility to conciliate the affections of all. There must be a perfect unison of minds, interests and dispositions, before such a thing can be effected: for as Horace observes:—
"Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi."

The wealthy, or those who generally move in the higher spheres of life, stand greatly in need of the humanizing influence of friendship. Surrounded as they generally are by a galaxy of flatterers, the sincerity of friendship should ever be acceptable. The actions of the great carry with them more importance than those of the

indigent, and consequently, require more deliberation and judgment. The frankness of friendship should therefore never give offence; we should be ever open to reason and conviction; the voice of friendship should dispel the baleful influence of flattery, and the language of the *heart* triumph over that of the *mouth*. But, though the favourites of fortune have more cause to suspect the sincerity of friendship than the indigent, yet they should ever guard against the inroads of mistrust and suspicion: for of all unfortunate dispositions, the suspicious is the most hostile to tranquility of soul and equanimity, than which nothing is more desirable.

The opinion of Aristotle, as to the cause or origin of this noble affection, is certainly quaint and by no means fully tenable. He conceives it to arise from the perception of others possessing the same qualities of mind or disposition with ourselves. That is, if we view another veluti in speculum, and perceive our own virtues, disposition, habitudes, etc. reflected, we necessarily become attached to that object so like ourselves, and as our mutual knowledge of each other becomes more minute, that friendly esteem, raised from this perception, encreases, till at last we become gradually imbodied, forming but one will, one mind, and one person. This is what Pythagoras conceived to be the consummation of friendship, viz—a perfect congeniality, or cognation of mind. This idea of Aristotle's appears to me founded on a very contracted conception of the nature of friendship—that we should love those *only* whom we perceive to possess similar qualities with ourselves is certainly contrary to daily experience, and in my opinion contrary to the natural operations of the mind. Those virtues which we possess not ourselves certainly are great objects of admiration in others; we perceive them to be more amiable than ourselves, and consequently to possess more loveable qualities than we do.—Besides this, there is a novelty in qualities which we are a stranger to in our own mind, and one great source of love and admiration is novelty. I should therefore rather imagine, that St. Pierre's ideas on the cause or origin of love, which is analogous to friendship, (and which may be applied to it) comes much nearer the truth than those of the profound and metaphysical Stagirite.

It may be a question worthy the disquisition of the casuist, how far, or to what lengths one friend may be justified in going for another? The rule which the amiable Tully gives at once shews the correctness of his morals, the nobleness of his heart, and the disinteressment of his friendship. Th t sentiment alluded to is, that we should even prefer doing our friend a kindness to riches, pleasures, honours, or any such transient and adventitious blessings; that we should sacrifice wealth and every mundane amusement, on the shrine of friendship, and be the friend "usque ad aras." How divinely noble! how beautiful the idea: how much like the language of an heart dilated with the spirit and ardour of friendship! Thus far are we permitted to go by this father of morality. But when publick good, and the happiness of our friend come in collision, the latter must give way; so also our duty to the Great Author of our being must never be infringed by the zeal of friendship: for those duties are all of a superior class, and the greater obligation is never dissolved by the lesser.

The honest and virtuous demands of friendship must ever be attended to; but those of a contrary stamp should ever be avoided as derogatory to genuine friendship, and a palpable prostitution of its sacred character. Our maxim in this should be—"Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas."

There are many virtues and affections essential to the genuineness and consequent durance of friendship. Virtue, beyond doubt, is the only solid foundation of friendship: for virtue excludes every sordid and interested motive. Every ardent sensibility—every sympathetic feeling takes its rise from virtue. As long as our friend is virtuous, so long is his friendship sincere: for we have no right to expect virtuous actions if the mind which caused them be corrupt. Equability of disposition is also essential to the permanency of friendship. If that friend, who would at one time receive us with all the cordiality of friendship, be ready to go any lengths to serve us and comfort us in our troubles, whether real or imaginary, should at another time receive us with all the sang froid or indifference of a stranger, it would soon operate as a refrigerant to the glow and ardour of our friendship. And although it might be constitutional with our friend, yet as the nature of the human heart is such as to revolt at such inconsistencies, we should seldom call reason to our aid to account for it upon physical principles. Uniformity of disposition therefore, appears to be a prime ingredient in friendship, as being essential to its durance. We should therefore before we take one by the hand, as our friend, become well acquainted with his disposition, investigate his character, ascertain the sentiments of the world with regard to him, evolve the complexures of his mind, and finally endeavour to see into the innermost recesses of his heart. If he be there found not wanting, we should then with the most unsuspicious confidence receive him as our friend: for precipitancy in the choice of

friends has frequently been the source of an infinitude of troubles. "If thou wouldst get a friend," says Jesus the son of Sirach, "prove him first, and be not easy to credit him." If troubles oppress us we are *too* apt to unbosom ourselves to any one who will listen with apparent sympathy; and to pour into their breasts a portion of that heart-felt burthen, which, like the gushing tears of distress, or excessive joy, delight at their elimination, and shed a soft calm over the troubled mind. This is highly improper; for though it be a present relief, it may nevertheless be a source of other troubles.

How true are the words of the son of Sirach, "that a friend is a great treasure," and a strong defence. Yes, the most invaluable of treasures! a treasure which is the source of intellectual rather than sensual enjoyments; one which neither emasculates the mind nor body; but which renders the soul susceptible of the finest impressions, and administers comfort when none elsewhere may be found.

Friends are also the mutual bulwarks of each other's character. Immaculate indeed must he be, if no one ever spoke detractingly of him. The envenomed tongue of envy is no respecter of persons; she knows no other employment than detraction and murder of character.—"Nec quidquam aliud sit quam detrectare virtutes."—How necessary therefore is it, that we should secure to ourselves the aid of friendship, which will ever guard us against the malign influence of calumny, and protect our reputation sacred and inviolable; for that once sullied how indelible the mark; or, as happily expressed by the poet,

> "O Reputation! dearer far than life,
> Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
> Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
> Not all the owner's care, nor the relenting toil
> Of the rude spiller ever can collect
> To its first purity, and native sweetness."

How little does he deserve the sacred name of friend, who yields even a tacit assent to, or whose soul is not roused at the slightest aspersions on the character of his friend and other half—"Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

Nevertheless we should never permit our friendly zeal to be so great as to render us purblind to his follies and imperfections, for as it is the office of friendship to correct our faults and give salutary advice, the medium through which we look should be liberal and unprejudiced.

Discretion is another quality which greatly enhances the value of friendship. The art of choosing is of all others the most important, as those actions which have been weighed in the balance of reason seldom occasion our friend any uneasiness. Most of the infelicities of this life are derived to us, either from our own indiscretion or that of our friends. We should therefore be extremely cautious in our action, lest through our indiscretion our friends should be too often put to the exercise of the social passions. For although the sympathetic affections produce the most lively emotions of self-approbation, yet as sympathy with distress enervates the soul, and is often more pungent than our own sorrows, it is certainly the duty of every one to be so guided by prudence, that his conduct may occasion no uneasines in the bosom of others.

In the choice of a friend we should certainly endeavour to select one of taste and genius; one whose understanding is enriched with a valuable fund of diversified knowledge and literature; whose observations of men and manners have been minute and accurate, and whose mind has felt the soft and humanizing influence of friendship.—Such an one would be a source of much pleasure, a constant stream of useful information, and a perpetual impulse to virtuous and honourable emulation.

The melioration derived to the mind from an intercourse with scientifick and virtuous characters is certainly great, but if they happen to be our particular friends, their value is inestimable. We may then look upon them in the light of a rich and unexhaustible mine of literature and science, to which we have a free and welcome access. A highly cultivated mind is ever a liberal and generous one: it therefore delights in ennobling and expanding the mind of others; but more especially those minds which are allied to it by the ties of friendship. Information gained from this source, makes a lasting and indelible impression:—for coming from the lips of a friend, and delivered with the ardour and earnestness of friendly solicitude, it acquires a weight and importance, which makes us ever after esteem it as the inestimable legacy of friendship.

Beside this, he who has an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and has marked with discrimination its most secret operations; he who has studied the diversified manners of men, and observed with minuteness the first encroachments of vice, is fully capable of performing the highest and most important function of friendship: viz—the correcting of our faults. It is indubitably the incumbent office of friendship to watch us with an eagle's eye, and correct every illegitimate propensity; to point out to us every aberration from rectitude or even rigorous circumspection of conduct, to shew us the mirror of truth and candour and point out every foible or defect which self-love or flattery will not permit us to see. Nothing being so difficult to acquire, and at the same time so important,

as a knowledge of ourself, we should pay every heed to the advice of our friend and feel the most sensible emotions of gratitude for his friendly anxiety. That reproof which mortifies self-love, humbles our pride, or is hostile to the proud success of some favourite though visionary and impolitick scheme, is extremely apt to be received with coldness, if not often attributed to motives unworthy a friendly soul. What an *hybridous* species (if I may use the word) of friendship must that be which can mistake friendly solicitude, for sordid and ignoble interest, or esteem the zealous effusions of an heart extravasating with anxiety, as the importunate excitations of mistaken privilege: but yet it indubitably is the duty of a friend when necessity compels him to the severe task of reproof, to choose the most seasonable moments, to use all the softness of language, and to assume that delicacy of address, and suavity of conduct which will command attention, secure docility, and conciliate the affections. For however conscious one may be of our faults, and aberrancies, yet it is certainly not so pleasant to be bluntly told of them; to have them cast up, or painted before our eyes in the most vivid colours, and censured for them with all the harshness or severity of language is disagreeable, and very apt to create suspicion as to the genuineness of the motive. But the persuasive eloquence of sterling friendship is truly irresistible; for whilst it shews the sincerity of the motive it carries conviction with it.

It is also our duty to bear with the *foibles* of our friends, if we expect them to pardon ours; for although they may be pointed out, our esteem should not be lessened by the discovery of our friend's foibles and indiscretions; they are produced by the fallibility of our nature, and are consequently venial: if we do not, it is at least an unguarded evolution of our want of amiability, if not a convincing proof of our want of friendship.

The soul and primal ingredient of this noble affection, is certainly fidelity. The merit and importance of friendship altogether depends upon its fidelity. Those ephemeral attachments which the first blast of adversity, or the smiles of fortune extinguishes, evinces the greatest narrowness of soul, and a total want of every virtuous sentiment. The very being of friendship depends upon an implicit *confidence* and repose in the sincerity of our friend; fidelity is the food of this confidence, and the very fulcrum on which the whole is supported. If this fails, mistrust is the inevitable consequence, and every friendly sensibility soon ceases.

"A faithful friend," says the son of Sirach, "is the medicine of life." He is the soother in the time of affliction, and the regulating hand in the time of prosperity; he bears with our foibles, and infuses his prudential maxims at the most seasonable moments; he helps us to steer our unruddered boat through the tempestuous sea of life, and guides us clear of the whirlpools of temptation. In affluence he is our sociable companion; in poverty our conservator; his language is that of the heart, and his lips are never polluted with flattery. Such a friend is indeed more valuable than the coffers of Crœsus, or the mines of Golconda.

But why need I insist on the charms of friendship, or tell truths so universally known? The recent loss of my friend has induced these unconnected effusions, and made me trespass on my reader's patience longer than I wished. "The loss of a friend," says Johnson, "upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary waste, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror." I have therefore endeavoured to give vent to my feelings and amuse a leisure hour; whilst those reflections brought to my mind these beautiful lines of the poet, from which every heart warmed with zeal of friendship, must receive the most delightful complacency from the perusal.

Thrice happy minds that feel the power of friendship!
Oft do the muses on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy nature hushed,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds to friendly ears,
And raise their kindred minds with such
Warm fancy and etherial forms
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.
Why need I launch into the praise of friendship?
Friendship, that last support of wretched man!
Which gives us when our lives are painful to us
A sweet existence in *another's* being.

—ATTICUS.—

Mr. Easy,

As I have been for a long time a constant reader and admirer of the Companion, I hope you will give the following letter an insertion, if you deem it worthy a place in your useful paper.

TO MRS. M——

Dear Madam,

It has been my intention for some time past to address a letter to you, but from motives which are unnecessary to be here mentioned, I have postponed it until this late period. In thus making the Companion the vehicle of this address, I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I have taken, particularly when I assure you, it has arisen from the purest intentions.

Whilst I was in the habit of visiting in your family, I could not but observe the anxiety and solicitude which you daily discovered respecting the future destiny of your daughters, who are fast arriving to the years of maturity. Observation has long since shewn you the hard fate to which many have been obliged to submit, who had had every opportunity of receiving, in the early part of their lives, the best education this country could afford ; and on the other hand, you have known many who had been destitute of such advantages, as they advanced in life, to have gained the good will of the more respectable part of the community, and in the end to have become the objects of admiration and love to all who knew them. This is by no means an unfrequent occurrence ; and while many facts may be adduced to corroborate the assertion, I think every parent should pay attention to it, as affording a lesson of instruction—that education alone is not the only mean by which young ladies are to become the ornaments of society. It is certainly the principal basis on which they ought to erect their prospects of welfare and happiness in life, but without the parents' strictest attention to their early habits and manners, those prospects will be forever blasted, and the greatest hopes and expectations of an anxious parent will be finally destroyed, or converted into the pain of observing their daughters destitute of of those good properties and qualifications, which the advantages afforded in their situation in life, ought to have entitled them to.

When we reflect upon the evil propensities of human nature in general, and the various temptations that are every day thrown in our way, either by accident or design it is no wonder that so many of both sexes are driven from the paths of prudence and rectitude, and compelled (though at first contrary to their inclination) to pursue those of dissipation and vice. From this consideration it becomes the duty of every parent to begin early to inculcate habits of morality in the minds of their daughters, that they may so far have the ascendency over the passions, as to form a barrier and a safeguard against the influence of those evil tendencies which at first make them appear ridiculous, and in the end prove subversive of every virtuous principle of the human mind. I am well aware that men of respectability have advocated the opinion, that a scholastic education when properly obtained, will be sufficient (independent of every other consideration) to form the mind of every youth : but here I will beg leave to differ from them and observe, that, although a good education will tend greatly to correct the evil propensities of human nature, still, there is more to be expected from the early counsels of wise and discreet parents, than from the most rigid discipline of any school on earth. Admitting that schools are the proper places, exclusively, in which young ladies are to learn their duty towards God, their parents, and themselves, it is impossible for those who undertake their education to be constantly with them ; and if the parent neglects to do her duty when they are no longer under the controul of a master, they will be left to follow the pressure of their own inclinations, which invariably hurries them to destruction.

And again : so many are generally sent to the same school, it is impossible that proper attention can be paid to each one ; and while, from the variety of dispositions some will be receiving the greatest benefits, others will be spending their time to little or no purpose, and at length will leave school (having obtained what is called their education) with little more information and perhaps less morality, than they would have been possessed of had they remained at home. Under these circumstances parents will often complain of the tutors, when in fact they are to be censured themselves. No one is so capable of shaping the morals of a young lady as her own mother, provided she has correct ideas of propriety herself ; and any one who is qualified for the task, and will give it up to be discharged by another, who perhaps is not qualified, ought not to attach the whole censure to her daughter for any misconduct, however injurious it may be to herself or however degrading it may be to her relatives. In order to guard against the serious evils which might result from a want of an early attention on the part of a parent, I would strenuously advise you to keep a vigilant eye over the habits and manners of your daughters in early life, ever bearing in recollection, that " just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd :" and while they are receiving their educations, I would lose no opportunity of looking into the manner in which it was conducted, in order that proper books might be put into their hands, from which they may imbibe the seeds of virtue and morality. I would by no means suffer them to read a Novel, a Play, or a Romance, because they all tend to wear out that portion of the excitability of the mind, which ought to be kept in reserve for the action of some more useful impression. Even the bible is an improper book for young ladies to read at school. It is impossible to understand it at so early a period, and when they come to years of discretion they scarcely ever think of looking into it, because they had read it before. It ought certainly to be reserved for a later date, when the intellectual powers are in their fullest vigour ; that no construction may be put upon passages which will militate against

the doctrines of christianity—*the ground work upon which all our hopes and expectations of future happiness ought to be built.*

I would earnestly recommend Histories, Travels, Voyages, and the British Classics, as the most proper books for young ladies to read, both in school and at home : and although some novels may be said by many to be well calculated to instil moral principles into the minds of young ladies, still, I would advise you to peruse them first, and then you will be the best judge whether they are calculated for the above purpose or not.

In teaching them the best method of discharging those domestic duties which will sooner or later devolve on them, (rather than submit to the judgment of others) I would advise you to be guided by the dictates of your own reason, as experience has amply qualified you for the discharge of so important a task.

Having thus hastily dropt a few hints respecting the best method of qualifying young ladies for the discharge of the most important duties in life, I take my leave of the subject by assuring you, that the lively interest which I feel for the welfare and happiness of your family, has prompted me to make the remarks which are contained in this letter.

It would be a want of gratitude in me were I not to acknowledge the obligations which your friendship and kindness have laid me under since I had the pleasure of being acquainted with you ; and I do assure you, that while my recollection serves me, they shall never be effaced from the mind of your sincere friend,

January 22, 1806. PHILANDER.

P. S. If the lady to whom this letter is addressed, should have an idea of the writer's real name, he sincerely hopes she will keep it a secret, as he does not wish to subject himself to the criticisms of the publick. If the lady has any observations or requests to make, they will be thankfully received by me in manuscript, that they may be complied with through the medium of the Companion.

We were willing to believe that the Pedestrian was much in favour with the Ladies ; and were fully convinced that his *defence* (in No. 11, vol. 2) had received the approbation of the Female Court, before whom Rario so gallantly presented himself, on behalf of his friend, of himself and of sentiment. The following spirited Letter from the witty and satirical E. W. is proof positive that affection for the Fair receives the reward of affection.

Often have we been disgusted by the villanous sentiment, advanced by many masculine monopolizers of sense, that female intellect was weaker than ours. The *severe cut* with which Eliza concludes this playful satire is justly due to a very numerous sect.

You have no idea, Mr. Easy, with what pleasure I perused the piece signed " Several young Ladies," and how I was delighted at the thoughts of obtaining information sooner than I, or my female friends, contemplated. You must know, Mr. Easy, that I have a pretty large circle of acquaintances and have had an assemblage of my friends (of twenty or more) on this occasion ; we discussed the subject fully, and Iwas appointed to write to you. We have no doubt that there will be a dozen marriages, or more, in the course of a week after we have learned the art. I am sure the *dear man* cannot withstand the joint entreaty of the sex ; and we are determined to be guided entirely by the dear creature. With impatience we shall wait for the next Companion. Oh dear ! I am sure I shall *devour* every word of the good man's advice to us.

Dear Mr. Easy, do not think we met for this purpose alone ; for I assure you, we had thoughts of quite as much consequence to us ; and indeed more, as it concerned our friends. Do give our most respectful compliments to our kindest, best of friends, RARIO & LEANDER ; and tell them not to mind what the Stoics say about them, for we are all sure they are only envious of the praise our sex bestows on the charming *ramblers.*

" Base envy rankles at another's worth,
" And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Do tell Rario and Leander not to be discouraged ; for we are determined that if their *unfeeling defamers* do not let our friends alone, we will certainly assemble in a body round the Easy Club and find the miscreants out ; for I can assure you that when we know them we will make every joint crack, and every bone ache. Yes ! we all declare not to let go our hold until they are shaken to such a perfect jelly, that even the celebrated " Essence of Gridiron" shall fail to cure ! They shall feel what it is to bring female vengeance on their heads. We feel ourselves, Mr. Easy, much insulted through our champions, Rario and Leander ; we were all along sure that it was some of the " Softhead" family ; for we know them to be very numerous in the city, and we have no doubt they would be glad if they could get a few more of our sex into the family of the " Softheads." I have a great mind to tell my maid Betty not to admit one of them ; *but then I should be almost entirely without company ! !*

Dear Mr. Easy attend to our request if possible. In haste, your's, ELIZA WOULD-BE-KNOWING.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued from page 102.)

"SIRE,

"I am now fifty leagues removed from your presence, and trust soon to be past the justice of your resentment.—But no, I cannot fly it.—Would to heaven I had rather stayed, and atoned my crime in part, by suffering the punishment that was due to my perfidy.—Death would surely, at last, have delivered me from you, from myself, from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not within me, that no absence can mitigate, no distance evade!—Yes, Adolphus, your image, your friendship, cling fast to my memory; they continue to load me with insupportable favours, and my soul groans and struggles under the unremitting oppression.—And is it then possible that I should have betrayed you? I can scarce think it possible.—Did I not love you with a love passing that of self preservation? would I not have bled, have died for you, have suffered all extremities to bring you any accession of happiness? Yes, most assuredly.—Alas, how is it then, that my will, against my will, has injured you, my master; has mortally wounded you in the most vital part, in your love for the too adorable the too fascinating Adelaide!—Ah, why did I enterprise the perilous task enjoined me? while I wished, while I endeavoured and struggled to serve you, I fell in my own weakness; I fell, myself, a prey to her all subduing beauties.—Thus, while I constrained my tongue to plead the cause of my king, my eyes must have pleaded the cause of the traitor Valvaise. There, there lies the heart and pith of my trangression against you. I will not deceive you; I will not conceal from you, that I have robbed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide.——But, I will avenge you, my master; I will do you ample justice upon my own head. I tear myself away for ever. No more shall mine eye behold the heart-cheering face of friendship, or the seducing face of love. I tear myself for ever from Adolphus, from Adelaide, from the two, the only objects within the circling moon, that could cast a ray of comfort upon my benighted spirit. All else is a vacant wild, a vale of horrors and desolation.—O misery! But I embrace it; my soul shall brood and dwell upon it; it is the portion that I chuse on this side of eternity.

"In the meantime, my lord, be you your own advocate. Appear, in your native attractions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaise shall quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a transient meteor before the rising light of the sun.

"Be happy O Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide, be happy above conception!——When I hear that you are so, a beam of returning joy may once more inform the breast of "VALVAISE."

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of this letter, was instantly stung with vexation and disappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaise. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be softened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced against himself. But again, when he came where Valvaise dared to avow his passion for Adelaide, and her answering regards, the flame of his resentment rekindled and rose aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent sentiments; and he found himself, at the close, inconsistently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

He wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in; he scanned it over and over; and, pausingly, over again. At every revisal, his Valvaise appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaise also, I find is a son of the fallen Adam!——Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man.——Yet, he fought, he resisted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation tho' the temptation was Adelaide.—He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existence.—This is more than to have conquered: such frailty rises even above perfection! —return, my Valvaise!—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation.—Return I say, my brother! and I will strive to be your competitor in honour and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend: but your friend shall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaise!

The desolate Valvaise had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaise, and the other Christiern; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister, to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly infered, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments. *(To be continued.*

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit
Hor. Sat. Lib. 2. 7.
Qui nescit versus, tamen audet fingere. Quedoni?
Id. De arte Po.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ
Nec rude quid prosit vides ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè. Id.

Mr. Easy,

A few months since, in a conversation with a writer of some eminence in the Companion, I maintained a controversy on the necessity of melody in verse. He made use of many arguments to disprove my position; still maintaining that the idea alone constituted poetry, and that the elegancy of language, the harmony of each respective line, and the roundness and equal termination of the period was of little or no consequence, resembling (as he said) a lovely woman dressed in gaudy robes. For his satisfaction I at the time reduced parts of the Iliad, Æneid and Henriade, which happened to be accessible to us, to the plainness of prose, rejecting whatever might be deemed fiction or poetical. Thus stript of all the aid of foreign ornament, they appeared as he confessed in some instances flat and insipid. Yet I could obtain only the poverty of triumph by his narrow confession, that words well selected, though they might dress out some, were immaterial in most ideas. When I left him I had determined to write an essay for your paper, that beacon of Marylandic genius, but on reflection found that it was more the object of a regular digested treatise than a loose essay. As I have not much time *now* which I can call my own, I had abandoned the idea of writing altogether, nor should probably have recurred to the subject had I not observed in page 87 of the present volume a piece addressed to "Winter," which possessed no poetical advantage, save here and there a good expression; which, like the prairies of the desart, serve only to render the horrors of the wilderness more conspicuous. This piece I have turned into more regular metre; and though I adhered more closely to the language in the original than was strictly advisable, yet I hope my friend, and those who have adopted similiar opinions, may by this specimen reflect more seriously.

WINTER.

But late, my son, kind Nature, bounteous, gay,
  Was clad in charms; now mark the dreary change;
From the warm sun-beam's animating ray
  To icy winter's cold and surly reign.

The verdant carpet grateful to the eye
  Fades, as the flow'ry tenants of the vale
All hang their petall'd heads, and drooping die,
  While Boreas sternly rushes on the dale.

The warbling songsters now forsake their haunts,
  And frighten'd fly to some more genial clime;
The purling streams, fast bound in icy bands,
  No longer ripple to the flow of time.

Such are the changes of this life, my son!
  The glow of health once lighted in my eye;
The ruthless hand of Time has now undone—
  Then hear his precept, e'er a father die:

O let thy youth with virtuous seeds be sown!
  Oh guard against the wily tempter's ways;
Then when the fleeting moments swift have flown,
  Thou smil'st to meet the winter of thy days.

Though blooming now with rosy health so gay;
  Yet hasty footed time will stay for none;
All, all must journey on the destin'd way;
  Death claims alike the sire and the son.

Although in the present parody I have given but little language of my own, and have introduced but few iambics, which always add a harmonious sound to verse, except in the two last lines; yet I trust that my friend will see the difference which even my feeble powers can effect. After so long a silence in your valuable paper I hope this may be well received. YELSE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Twelve months ago, which was soon after the commencement of this work, the Companion gave a turn in some measure to the conversation of genteel circles: it gained a *domestic* patronage almost unprecedented in the annals of Cis-atlantic Literary undertakings: insomuch that several, we know, took it in because (and for this reason alone) it was deemed fashionable. During fifteen months we have laboured assiduously, as well for the morals as for the literature of the town; and have been applauded and befriended by the best citizens around us. But this flattering success has rendered us neither haughty nor inattentive:—We would not "overlook" the insufferable offences of a "Finiky;" nor will we descend to murder character, (where there is ever so *little* of it) by personal attacks:—For the morals of many in these days are so extremely corrupt, that, however the community is doomed to suffer from the example of the vicious, no member of it *dare* perform his duty.

We are urged to these observations, by having heard the opinions of several respectable gentlemen, who think the *whole* of "Castigator" should have appeared in print: and they are followed by Corrector (a new correspondent who is heartily welcomed) in the opinion that abandoned individuals should not be spared. We think so too: but to act from this impression, and, as *Protector*, shield the morals of the youth from contamination by treating with just severity the demerits of the profligate, we would, alas! find our own person unprotected! We have no *Roman Senate* to legalize the efforts of a Censor:—and, although we are proud in the applause of good men, and highly flattered when told that the publick are pleased with our labours; yet we cannot consent to run all hazards, in our zeal to check the profligacy of the times.

☞ We have received a number of communications this week, which will be noticed in due time: among them is "P. W's," "Advice to Ladies."